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## CONTENTS.

THE MODERN TELEMACHUS. VIII. MUSCUS DESCRIBES MELTON HALL.  
THE PRIEST AND THE HUGUENOT.  
PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES.  
BOOKS OF THE WEEK, &c.—Putnam's Monthly—Addison's Complete Works—Shelton's Up the River—January and June—The Yemassee—Spiritual Progress—Markland—Minnesota and Its Resources—The Potlphar Papers—Invalid's Own Book—Lingard's History—Juveniles—Humorous Speaker—Harry Harson.  
POETRY.—Study—Books.  
MR. BARTLETT'S AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS.  
BIOGRAPHY OF HORACE (concluded).  
SKETCH OF M. ARAGO.  
A MODERNIZED CLASSICALITY.—BY MR. PUNCH.  
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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MEMOIR OF WHEATON. By his Sister.  
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MY TWO SISTERS. By Mrs. Emily Judson.  
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THE WORKS OF EDMUND BURKE. 12mo.  
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1883.

## LITERATURE.

THE MODERN TELEMACHUS.  
NO. VIII.

MUSEUS DESCRIBES MELTON HALL.

The old man viewed the well-known spot  
He loved in his youthful day,  
And while he mused, each care forgot  
That is strewn along life's way.

Those halcyon days warmed up his heart  
While Time his whole story told,  
And Memory showed whither hours depart,  
And our youthful hopes unfold.

His rising fancy called to mind,  
As he sat and pondered mute,  
The tuneful joys left far behind,  
That touch, like the plaintive lute.

"O let me dwell within that past  
That fills my soul with its glow,  
The cares of age far off be cast,  
And youth its bright phantoms show!

"I'll trace old marks upon the knoll  
Where my boyhood oft hath been,  
Or woods among, where, wont to stroll,  
The gay urchin troops were seen.

"My step is firm, my eye is clear,  
Yet I see through dusky age,  
When beauty lives, but flowers are sere,  
The dalliance of life's first stage."

Museus now found it incumbent upon him to redeem the promise he had given, to lead me in imagination, to which his tenacious memory always gave an active wing, through the recesses of Melton Hall. It was here, as he was wont to tell me, he had received his first normal impressions. It was here that a regular mathematical framework had been laid, on which the whole architectural structure of his mind had been founded.

It was here that his soul had imbibed its first ideas of beauty, as we find it manifested in the peaceful seclusion of nature, and in the unaffected and ingenuous intercourse with the simple mind and feeling heart of man. Many of these local impressions became so fixed in his memory, that all the buffetings of the waves of a subsequent life could not wear them away. This, in a great measure, arose from the profundity of his mental character, and that extreme poetical susceptibility which, having grounded its passion on a single object, or being confined to a single locality, becomes strongly identified therewith.

Yet, before leading me in among the pictures of his pupilage, or into the mazes of his scholastic life, he prepared me for the better comprehension of his views, by conducting me to a neighboring farm, called Ambleton Manor. Here he drew my attention to the exercises in horse-training, which were conducted by two grooms, who evinced their skill by subjecting the animal to every grade of discipline previously to his introduction to regular service. The young steed proceeded in a circular motion around a central point, upon which stood the person who was training him. One of the horses seemed to be a docile creature, and was soon brought into submissive obedience to every motion of his trainer, and his gyrations at last became so instinctive, that he moved over the circuit without being held by the reins. In regarding another horse, various inherent vices were apparent, and the groom seemed intent upon correcting the vice on every occasion of its reappearance. In some

instances he was successful, but in others the application of the lash seemed only to aggravate the evil, and discourage all attempts to bring the steed to submission, or soften down the temper into habits of docility. These equestrian exercises, however, were not of long duration, for the reason that too much correction worked upon the irascible susceptibilities of the animal; yet daily repetitions were deemed highly requisite, as this allowed the taming of the animal passion to keep pace with physical growth. On this point Museus laid peculiar stress, as he regarded correction salutary only when persisted in by the educator of youth, to such a degree, that time might co-operate with the hand of reproof; and as it requires the renewal of the seasons to impart an improved stature to the bent tree, so must the work of mental amendment be the work of time.

The next scene to which he introduced me was a joiner's shop. Every tyro was employed in planing, and the master seemed to direct their attention to give all their movements a horizontal direction, and to acquire the habit of straight planing. This routine was persevered in until the faculty of planing a perfectly straight surface became almost instinctive, as on this peculiar form of mechanical dexterity depended all the subsequent powers of artistic mechanism. It was termed by Museus the mathematical substructure of the mechanical mind. The mechanical artist himself knew only the results which systematic manual habits produced upon the future uniformity and dexterity of the artisan's work, and deemed it essential that fixed elementary rules should be implanted in the apprentice to enable him to fashion his mechanism in accordance with them. To Museus the law seemed to operate in a two-fold sense, the mechanical habit acting upon the mental, and the latter reacting in turn upon the former. It also suggested to him why, in most cases, the fixidity of character is a product of the most simple elementary training.

After the disciples of the plane had become adepts in its use, and had received their normal instructions, they were taught the more complicated branches of joiner and cabinet work, and finally led into those higher departments of mechanical art, where the measured motions of limbs and hands are dispensed with, and the work is fashioned after the guidance of the eye alone, and the suggestions of the fancy.

"It is deemed indispensable," said he, "for the mechanic to proceed, step by step, from the simplest geometrical exercise upwards, until he can be guided by the powers of imagination in constructing beautiful devices; yet, in many instances, a true genius may proceed to the province of imagination without going through the normal elementary course. This repulsiveness to rule, or a fixed standard, is found almost invariably to be a constituent of genius, showing that its element springs out of the instinctive qualities of our nature,—qualities which originate full-grown emanations, unaided, seemingly, by the preparation of elementary thought or design. Through these elementary exercises, however, a firmness and uniformity are imparted to the character, which are seldom seen to distinguish the purely imaginative mind. It explains, clearly, why the trained individual is persistent and persevering, and why the genius is erratic and capricious."

Having laid open to me this preface, and prepared me for the intellectual history of the mind, by the illustration of animal and physical developments, we proceeded to the interior of Melton Hall. Museus began thus:—

"The first lesson taught to the youth, upon entering their pupilage, was obedience. You have observed in the equestrian illustration, how important the subjugation of the mere animal passions was, to prepare the mental qualities of the steed to yield to the plastic will of the trainer. In order to accomplish the design of implanting obedience in the young mind, a species of military discipline was introduced, and tactics were used which served to give the tutor the same control over the army of intellect that the commander has over his forces. When the boys arose in the morning they were filed into their apartments, and, having performed their toilet, were seated at their studies until breakfast was announced. They were then regularly marshalled in single file to the dining room, where, partaking of an abstemious meal, such as imparted health to the body and ruddiness to the cheeks, a truly Lacedæmonian silence was observed during the enjoyments of the table. The meal finished, they were again conducted in silence to their respective rooms to resume their studies, no word being spoken until recitation hours. A quarter of an hour was then spent in matutinal devotion, before the active labors of the day commenced. This was a morning at Melton Hall. The whole routine of the pupil's life was in accordance with this species of discipline, and so salutary was the effect in producing stability and regularity in the conformation of character, that few youths were sent there of unbridled dispositions and vicious inclinations who did not depart therefrom with curbed spirits and moralized hearts.

"The tutor was, in his prerogatives, autocratic, as he necessarily should be when surrounded by a family of youth whose whole intellectual formation depended upon his influence and control, but more particularly as his constant presence was essential to uphold that strict discipline upon which depended the whole normal education of the ductile mind. The time for preparatory study was prescribed as that for recitation, and the hours of youth were so judiciously distributed as to give the mind its full play, both in recreative hours and in the sterner calls of science."

"How were the youth first instructed at Melton Hall?"

"They were first led to the hill of science, by presenting to their susceptible imagination all the palpable and tangible qualities of the outer world. These, forming the substratum of all subsequent knowledge, were implanted upon the understanding before anything further was attempted. The localities of nature, as well as the divisions of the earth and the names given to them, are the most simple species of knowledge of which the infant mind is susceptible; and, after the more tender pupils had proceeded a few steps in this mental exercise, a larger scope for development was afforded them by adding to the names of places the names, and, subsequently, the qualities of men."

"The qualities should succeed to the names of men."

"This was observed in the succession of

ideas and in the arrangement of studies, planned in accordance with their development. Elementary historical narratives were the companions of geography, but the inner details of the hero and the simple portraiture of scenes were given without the discussion of character, as that was deemed belonging to the sphere of abstraction, into which the mind had not as yet entered. With the appreciation of the heroic character came the first and earliest developments of abstraction in the youth; and no sooner had this quality disclosed itself, than the imagination went off into new regions. The mode of tuition was as characteristic as the moral and corporeal discipline at Melton Hall. All instruction was imparted in the form of lecture. The tutor, on all occasions, added his own language and descriptions to arrest the imaginations of his auditory, and seize upon the susceptibilities of youth. This was his peculiar province in historical rehearsals, wherein the boys were warmed into the subject of past events by that lively pictorial embellishment which, more than all else, serves to fasten events in the mind, while, at the same time, by the interest it secures, it leaves indelible traces in the memory through all subsequent existence. In this mode, the whole domain of history became a picture of the past, and the more fanciful the mind of the pupil, the more firmly did it become associated with the subjects held up to his view by the powers of rhetorical description.

"History, in its mere details, and before its philosophical application has been reached, is an elementary study; but in this view of it, the whole panorama should be exhibited in gorgeous colors to allure the attention of youth, and leave indelible traces on memories as yet untrammelled by the intricacies of logic. When the lecturer had finished his hour, which, when dedicated to history, was one of marked interest, he furnished his pupils a synopsis, which was learned for recital at the next school. Every branch taught was transmitted to the pupil in a similar manner; and that which rendered the features of the system the most striking, was the necessity imposed upon every scholar of committing to writing all that he learned. In this aspect of the system, the process of normal training was rendered more infallible than by any other expedient; and in explaining its ultimate influence upon the adult character, I can only refer you to the prefatory scenes I have given you in the joiner's shop.

"The youth who were sent to Melton Hall were, for the most part, of a delicate age, when the powers of the mind expand, and the will is the most yielding. They came thither in the morning of life; and it is to this cause we must attribute the depth of impression, and the indelibility of poetical feeling, underlying all the recollections of school-boy days spent there. Hence, also, the kindred studies of declamation and music were pursued, in order to excite the heart and give tone to the moral deportment."

"What analogy, pray, can you trace between declamation and music?"

"The analogy is clear and distinct to all who study the inherent qualities of both; but more so to those who analyse the origin of eloquence delivered in these two distinct forms. Another occasion may demand the explanation more fully; here let us examine these studies in reference to their refining

influence on the hearts of youth. Eloquence, as well as the music of modulated tone, is the language of the heart. No utterances of emotion can be made in any species of declamation whatsoever, where the same inherent rhythmical laws do not exist which we find in poetry and music. Hence the power belonging to the three departments binds them all in one alliance. In either case, the emotions speak by the medium of fact, which divides, by the most precise measurement of time, the language representing the thought, or the tones substituted for the language, and aiming at the utterance of similar thoughts. The youth were insensibly led into a love of, and even a passion for, this species of mental and moral discipline; and its results were perceptible in the amenity of their intercourse, and the softening down of all the asperities of subsequent manhood. As an essential part of their exercises vocal music was cultivated, as it was found that the vocalist would sometimes improve his rhetorical talent by the expansion of voice, but more particularly by aiding that emphasis of language which is the proper province of melodious thought, and hence leaves its influence felt in all colloquial discourse. In reading, as well as in recitation, the slightest error or faltering was noted down as a transgression of the rules of rhetoric, and so cautiously were the canons of pronunciation guarded, that the pupil soon became an adept. Classical learning was also laid at the foundation of the student's knowledge, and although this was imbibed in a moderate degree, still the aim of pursuing this species of philology was attained by giving that direction to the judgment and memory which mathematics impart in a different degree, and from another point of view."

"And how shall we solve the enigma why the Roman and Greek classics, studied by the medium of their vernacular language, impart such ripeness to the modern mind?"

"By means of the fact that any mental pursuit or exclusive devotion to any isolated subject, extends the intellectual grasp and fixes the mental character. I have illustrated this to you, partially, in the joiner's shop, and you will there find the mental process of normal growth more fully and adequately explained than by any other exhibition. The classics have been selected and adhered to in all modern ages, on account of the fascinating nature of the subjects they comprise. No single theme or study embraces as much within itself to enchain the judgment as well as the imagination. No effort, therefore, to overthrow the question of their utility, or substitute for them any branch of modern physical or intellectual science, can ever succeed. Another point of great importance in relation to them is, that the elementary portion of classical philology is chosen for youth before the higher powers of abstraction and logical acumen have made their appearance. Here the memory is called into play before the judgment has ripened, a process through which the mind should always pass in the long march of its development. Neither were the imitative powers left uncultivated. Although the conjoint qualities which enter with avidity into the arcana of science, the cultivation of music and the mimicry of nature with pencil and colors, are possessed but rarely by single minds; yet where the least susceptibility existed among the pupils of Melton Hall, all these studies were earnestly inculcated. Even where but moderate

progress was made, refining influences were found to follow. The great aim that was pursued, and which was held to be the paramount object of all elementary instruction in youth, was to fix the mind and establish the normal intellectual character. The body, as well as the mind, received ample development, in the cultivation of gymnastics, and from that abstemious board which, in rural life, always secures vigorous health and animation of spirits. The superiority of the system pursued at this institution was evident from the fact, that many youths who came to receive instruction within its walls, were obliged to dispense with prior rudimental attainment, and begin their studies anew, proceeding *gradatim* from the first elements upwards. In the whole educational practice here observed, the truest form of inculcating knowledge was realized. The amount of information to be imparted to the pupil, which, in accordance with other popular fallacies, so many of the institutions of our land seem to strive after, was left entirely out of view at Melton Hall. In establishing the normal character, it was held that science, taught to a moderate extent, could effect more in aiding the mind in all its subsequent accumulations than by having such a mass of study imposed upon it as to cloy its appetite. It was held, and most justly so, that the vast range of science, the synopsis of which is invariably forced upon youth, must receive the devotion of a long life, and that even then the arcana of creation are but merely glanced at. Hence youth was but a season of susceptibility to new impressions, and of plastic docility, and all the efforts tending to the formation of character had a view more to initiation into, than to the perfectibility of, the virtues inculcated. The tutor, although absolute in his prerogatives, exercised, at the same time, the mildest sway in hours of recreation, and at such times was altogether paternal. The pupils gathered around him, and listened with interest to the narratives and legends he had stored up for the feast of their imaginations, as they clustered around him within these very woodland shades, or sat by the table on a winter's evening. Such relaxations for the mind cheered the dull routine of the stern studies which occupied the mind within these walls, and they not only alleviated the burden which attaches itself to the pursuit of science and the restraints of the institution, but likewise placed the tutor in a new position to those under his charge, by enabling him to cast aside the habiliments of a taskmaster in exchange for those of the legendary. The tutor, choosing his themes from among the choicest passages of romance, or the most engrossing scenes of history, wherein world-renowned names figure, attracting the wonder and exciting the emulation of the young, gained a twofold object by such entertainments, as they served not only to beguile the intervals of study, but also to furnish many suggestive topics for composition. In this exercise, pure outward description, and the enumeration of simple ideas, after the manner of Homeric delineation, became one of the earliest steps into writing, to which the embellishments of rhetoric were to be added as the mind became versed in poetry and skilled in those various forms of ornamental language, from which we are, in a majority of cases, led to draw our ideas, instead of the latter being allowed to furnish the ground of polished diction and poetical expression. To deter the pupil



from falling into the habit of borrowing thought from language, the tutor was intent upon leading him into descriptions of an entirely objective nature, and guarding him against all over-wrought terms,—in the clothing of natural descriptions, all obscurity of fancy, and adhering to the extreme simplicity of thought, evincing that the choice of his diction proceeded from a purely thoughtful source, and not that the thought was a mere emanation of borrowed language, closing up, by this means, all the channels of originality. Apart from the admirable system of instruction which here, above all others, invited the youth to come and dwell within its quiet, rural and religious shades, the associations of Melton Hall were replete with poetry; and so vividly was this experienced by all who had been reared there, that a large portion of this coloring of youth was preserved in the retrospective pictures of maturer age. The whole tendency in the pupil's improvement was æsthetic, by combining with elementary knowledge so much moral practice, and the refining cultivation of the arts. In this combination we perceive a healthy mental tone given to youth, particularly where the locality is a rural one, and exercise and Spartan diet unite in expanding the muscular forces, at the same time that the development of intellect is progressing, and that at a most momentous period of life."

"But why, pray, could not this ideal of a perfect elementary education form the pedagogic standard, and the rule for a system to be upheld by the State itself?"

"The completeness of the system is well adapted for such a purpose, and the State might beneficially resort to it, in rearing up citizens, and in conducting them, by the process of a staid discipline and an intellectual training, holding them within the limitations of virtue and religion, to the highest seats of trust. In our republic, however, the State wants the control which originated a similar system in a Lacedæmonian age, to enable it to temper the national mind, and impart strength and durability to the whole nation. Those times, it is true, were semi-barbarous, yet there is some analogy traceable in the two systems, the one acting upon the heathen mind, the other upon the refined Christian temperament. A truly national gymnasium, marked by the leading features and principles just laid down, under the auspices of the State, and endowed by large pecuniary resources, would fill up a great desideratum in our national fabric. The preceptors in the employ, protection and emolument of the State should be reared there through a course of years, and by a discipline almost martial, become capacitated to carry out the important work of the systematic, intellectual preparation for actual life, which ought to be the design of a model national institution of learning. The great law laid down, and which it was aimed at carrying into execution at Melton Hall, was the particular and salutary direction to be given to the early expanding intellectual and physical forces. The tendency and result I have given you in my equestrian and mechanical illustrations, and, perhaps, more effectually than I could do in any other mode. During the very moments of this developing power the correction is to be applied, and the normal habits imparted, which are in themselves to furnish the ability for grasping all subsequent knowledge. The steed must first be broken into systematic rules of gait, submis-

sion to controlling authority, and acquire a certain docility of disposition, before he could be taught the accomplishments of which he is susceptible, and which distinguish his race. By skilfully leading him from the simplest elementary instructions upwards, there are no limitations to be set to the extent or variety of his feats. The same rule holds good in its application to the mechanical law, the primary and most simple element in the use of manual tools laying the basis on which is subsequently erected a superstructure of the utmost elegance, aided by the suggestions of the fancy and the accumulating discoveries of the intellect. But the unfolding of this alone was not considered as a sole aim in designing the manly character; accordingly the emotional qualities were sought out and cultivated in order to produce that refinement which the exclusive working upon intellect fails to bring about. Not only was Christianity in its simplest interpretation inculcated, aided by many of those very conceptions of art which owe their origin to it, but all the accessories of its worship were afforded the youth, in the most pleasing and engaging forms which the utmost refinements of religion have ever suggested. All these had the most strenuous influence upon the days of my pupilage and those of my contemporaries; influences which wound themselves around our hearts, and left those enduring traces, operating upon our susceptible dispositions, and giving direction to a large share of the destiny of life in subsequent years."

"Permit me yet to inquire into one of those results of education, supposed to spring from educational sources, termed cultivation. Did the associations and inculcations of the Hall, with all the united influences of religion, art, and science, tend to promote the cultivation of later years? Or is cultivation ever to be regarded as a product of school discipline and classical training?"

"In so far only as the emotional qualities can be wrought upon, and the cardiac affections brought to bear upon a ripening refinement of thought and action. The complete development of cultivation, as the fullness of moral and intellectual refinement, are promoted only by social life and education. All the preceptorial influence was made available at Melton Hall to awaken that spirit of reflection which constitutes true cultivation; and, in some instances, the young mind secured to itself thoughtful themes, which were abiding, and sent deep roots beneath the whole surface of life. But these early inculcations proved of little value in cases where home and social life was distinguished by luxury and heartlessness, for, under such circumstances, true cultivation is repressed by the worship of externality, and the force of an unmeaning and soulless conventionality."

Museus ceased; and having drawn the subject of Melton Hall to a close, the conviction was irresistibly forced upon me that education, in all its normal bearings, such as were here presented, had never yet become an object of sufficient investigation, nor was the popular mind adequately impressed with the real nature of normal instruction. The sole aim of tuition seemed to be to render the disciples of science accomplished in the various branches of acknowledged erudition; while, at the same time, the higher motive of effecting the formation of mind, and to such a degree as to characterize all the subsequent career, leaving the impressions of boyhood

to form the guide of a whole life, was, in ordinary elementary pupilage, laid aside. It also became apparent how, under the wings of a single institution and the same preceptors, the greatest facilities were afforded for a constant and regular mental expansion, the tree being nurtured into the utmost comeliness of stature by the same hands that first planted it in its Parnassian soil. I was at the same time impressed with the fact, drawn from the illustration of the joiner's shop, that a single pursuit, or a single branch of intellectual or mechanical study in youth, gives a certain tone to a subsequent life; directing the energies to practical ends, and imparting decision and correctness to all the modes of human action.

#### THE PRIEST AND THE HUGUENOT.\*

WE are glad to see so satisfactory a proof of the success of M. Bungener's former volume, as the appearance of the work before us. It follows the "Preacher and King" in historical sequence, being devoted to the ecclesiastical history of France in the reign of Louis XV. That reign, despite its inglorious and generally uneventful character, has been much written about; but the points which have principally engaged the attention of previous writers, have been the Court, with its splendid vices, and the réunions of the literary men, the Encyclopedists, Academicians, and brilliant women who played so important a part in its society. The Protestants have been almost as much neglected by these historians as were their sufferings by the busy-idle Parisian world. It was known, it was true, that the Established Church carried on a relentless persecution; that the dainty Abbés who fluttered about ladies' boudoirs with honeyed words, used their influence to keep Protestant women in the south of France in hopeless bondage, and to wear out the strength of brave men by torture in the prisons, and unremitting labor with the worst of felons in the galleys;—but few glimpses of these things were allowed to the reader, wandering with his courtly guide through the thickly-shaded avenues of Versailles.

M. Bungener takes up this neglected field. He shows how important a portion it forms of the general history of the time. We see his Protestant leaders, not only in the mountain fastnesses of the Cevennes, but gliding unobserved, but not inactive, through the varied social scenes of Paris; plying courtiers, who ventured to express a stealthy sympathy with the principles of religious freedom, with petitions, humbly supplicating, not for political rights, but for bare exemption from the heavy hand of persecution; petitions which reached the King only to be thrown aside unread, or fall into the hands of the relentless Jesuits who held the little there was of the royal conscience in slavish thrall. These Protestant leaders, especially Rabaut, the hero of the book, are shown to have been men of statesmanlike skill, as well as dauntless courage; of moderation as well as zeal; loyal to the King, who persecuted them, as well as the cause of liberty of conscience, for which they were ever ready, as they well had need to be, to suffer and die.

The writer, while rendering justice to the

\* The Priest and the Huguenot; or, Persecution in the Age of Louis XV. From the French of L. Bungener. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Protestants, is equally so to the small party in the Romish church who were opposed to these persecutions. The "Priest," who forms one of the leading characters of the book, is Father Bridaine, the great orator, zealous and active missionary, whose eloquence had power to stir up even the dulled consciences of the King, his courtiers and his "philosophers," and is vividly and fairly presented to us in many positions of honor, and in the exercise of self-denial and charity. He has, however, other clerical portraits equally true, though not equally complimentary to the established faith, in the persons of the court preacher, glozing over the royal iniquities, even in the pulpit, and the stern Jesuit confessor, persuading his royal victim that mercy to the Huguenot is treason to the Church; threatening the enervated sensualist with the fire of hell in the next world if his royal hand stay the fire of persecution in this.

The Encyclopædists also come in for a share of the author's attention. We see them in full conclave over their elaborate work, at the *salon* of Madame du Defiant, clustered in a side chapel of St. Sulpice to hear the great Father Bridaine preach, in merry conclave in an apartment facing a public square, joking over an *auto da fe* which is going on before the windows, under the supervision of the public executioner, of some of their infidel pamphlets and—the New Testament in the vulgar tongue.

These scenes of court and city occupy the first and second parts of the work. The third carries us to a ruder scene, and a purer atmosphere, in the Protestant provinces of the south of France. We are introduced to the famous prison tower of Aigues Mortes, in which sundry inoffensive women were imprisoned for a score or two of years, for constancy in their Protestant faith. We are present at a Protestant service in one of the rocky hiding places of "the Desert," and witness the dispersion of its brave congregation by armed force; and we are taken to still sadder scenes, of the torture-chamber and the place of execution. And all this was going on in full force and vigor within twoscore years of the French Revolution.

We have, we trust, in our rapid survey of these volumes, given our readers some idea of the variety and value of their contents. Our extracts will show, fragmentary as they necessarily are, that our good opinion has good foundation. We have aimed at giving a fair specimen of their argumentative and descriptive portions.

#### ROMAN CATHOLICS IN IRELAND, AND PROTESTANTS IN FRANCE.

"In 1788, after one hundred, or, to speak more correctly, one hundred and fifty years, of persecutions and revocations—for the edict of Nantes was revoked, in fact, long before being so officially—in 1788, we say, a million of Protestants was still to be found to salute the era of liberty opened to them by the reparatory edict of Louis XVI.

"How does it happen that historians in general have said so little in regard to this miracle of perseverance and faith? If a like example had been furnished by the Catholics, it would be brought up to us, as an irrefragable proof of the heroism with which Rome alone, it would be said, can inspire her children. What has not been said of Ireland! And yet what a difference between the oppression which weighs upon her, and the sufferings of French Protestantism! 'We lament,' says a

Catholic writer, 'the state of English Catholics. They are, without doubt, unfortunate, but their race is not branded. The Anglican hatred against papacy has never gone so far as to inflict upon their families the desolating mark of concubinage or bastardy. Their children inherit their goods; they exercise their worship; they have priests. And then, suppose they should find the aversion they meet with in their country intolerable? Emigration is allowed them; the ports of the three kingdoms are open to them.' To these incontestable details, we may add a fact which speaks still louder. In the memorial which the churches of the desert addressed, in 1748, to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, their petitions are limited to the request to be put, 'as French Protestants, on the same footing with Catholics in England.' Thus, the condition which has been depicted in so many books, and which is still, at the present day, recalled as the *ne plus ultra* of oppression, was the condition for which a million of French subjects were reduced to sigh, and to sigh in vain."

#### AN INCIDENT IN RABAUT'S MINISTRY.

"One day, after a long journey, I arrived, worn out, in a village. I found there a note, which called me two leagues away. A dying man wished to see me, and I was told there was not a moment to be lost. I confess that I hesitated. The night was coming on cold and black. A good fire, a good shelter, a pious meeting already given out in the village, all conspired to keep me. I read in all eyes an ardent desire that I should stay, but no one in the whole house went so far as to say a word of it to me. Then I understood that it was God who spoke to me by their silence. 'These good people,' I said to myself, 'are convinced that it is my duty to go. They are right, I will go. I shall do them more good by going than by the best of sermons.' And I went. The road was terrible. I had not gone half a league before I came to snow, little at first, then, as I ascended—for it was in our mountains—it became knee deep. The path was not trodden. I lost my way. I had no alternative than to pass my night in this desert, or to return as I came, following, if I could, my own footprints on the snow. Suddenly I perceived a far-off light. It is the village which I seek. It is the lamp in my sick man's house. How did I know that? I did not, but I never doubted it. It was again God who spoke to me by this distant light, and who, in the midst of the darkness, said to me, 'I am with thee.' Yes, He was indeed with us in that house of mourning. What resignation! what faith! what transports of joy on my arrival! The door was opened me by a son of the dying man. He was ready to fall upon his knees. 'He has come!' he cried; 'father! father! he is here!' and beside himself, he drew me into the sick man's room. 'It is he! it is he!' repeated the father, clasping his feeble hands; and his eyes, already dimmed by death, were moistened with a last tear. He was one of the oldest wrecks of our unfortunate churches. He had seen the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; he had gone through all our trials, and, as I learned, had just suffered another. A fanatic priest had besieged his dying bed. The threat of being dragged on a hurdle, as the edicts order, that of the confiscation of his property, which is the consequence—nothing had been able to shake him. To the first, he replied that this body was of little importance to him, provided his soul went to God; to the second, his children had replied that they preferred losing their patrimony to receiving it stained by an apostasy. This struggle had exhausted his strength. He had now but to die; but wished to die in my arms. He had for a long time told me himself that this was

his desire; for three days it had been his fixed idea—and I arrived in time. I was there. Now do you understand me? Do you think that it is needful to look forward to a future reward, when God thus pays you, step by step, for each duty accomplished, each consolation given, each word pronounced in His name?"

#### DEFENSES OF THE FAITH.

"We have already had occasion to remark how poor France was, in good apologetical works. Among this flood of anti-Christian publications, there were scarcely to be found here and there some works which were not, from their weakness, rather calculated to aid the efforts of impiety. In spite of many mandates, whether or not written by the bishops, the best thing to be found was the old *Apology* of Abbadie, which had so much success at the close of the preceding century. Accordingly, this was frequently reprinted. The bishops recommended it, the professors quoted it; they merely neglected to mention that Abbadie was a Protestant minister, and would have perished like any other if he had been caught bringing his book into France."

#### THE FAMILY BIBLE.

"It is by millions that we must compute the volumes destroyed in conformity to these edicts of the French government; for instruction, the companion of the Reformation, had multiplied books among all ranks throughout Protestant France. It was a sad day when the old family Bible must be given up, the book doubly revered, sacred because it was the Bible, and sacred from the recollections connected with it! Children, parents, grandparents, all, from their earliest years, had daily seen and touched it. It had been present, like the household deities of the ancients, at all the joys and all the sorrows of the family. A touching custom had inscribed on its first or its last leaves, sometimes even on the margin of its pages, the principal events in all these humble lives. In such a year, on such a day, a child was born,—and this child was perhaps the grandfather, even the great grandfather, of the father or grandfather now living, for these Bibles dated for the most part from the earliest times of the Reformation. Then there were marriages, and baptisms, and deaths, and other births. And now all these pious monuments must perish at once in the flames!"

#### PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES.\*

DR. HAWKS has presented in an excellent translation a work which will be appreciated by the antiquary, and be read not without interest by the general reader. The original authors of the volume are a native Peruvian and the well-known German traveller and naturalist Von Tschudi, who, by their peculiar facilities and special studies, have succeeded in preparing a work on the Peruvian Antiquities which contains such information as cannot be reached elsewhere.

The volume opens with an interesting chapter on the relations between the two hemispheres prior to the discovery of Columbus, in which the various hypotheses of Scandinavian, Irish, Jewish and Phœnician colonization are passed in review.

The rest of the work is devoted to an account of the ancient Peruvians, their history, system of government, language, religion, progress in the arts, and their monuments.

The physiologist and ethnologist will be particularly interested in the account given by the authors of this work of the peculiar

\* *Peruvian Antiquities*. By Mariano Edward Rivero and John James Von Tschudi. Translated from the original Spanish, by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D. New York: George P. Putnam & Co.



conformation of the infant skull of the ancient Peruvian, shown in the existence of what is termed the interparietal bone—a curious anomaly which approximates the organization of the Incas to that of the lower animals. In the same chapter which treats of this peculiarity, it is proved that the crania described as those of the Incas in Dr. Morton's book are not such, and that all the peculiarities of the Peruvian cranial conformation cannot be properly referred to mechanical pressure.

The ancient monuments, the ruins of the temples and burial places, the royal inns and roads, and other remains of Peruvian civilization in the past, are freely described, and illustrated with drawings and engravings. We give an extract, describing the wonders of the

#### TEMPLE OF THE SUN IN CUZCO.

"This temple, called *Inti-huasi*, or house of the Sun, occupied a large space. 'It had,' says an ancient author, 'a circuit of more than four hundred paces, the whole surrounded by a strong wall; the whole edifice was built of an excellent species of fine stone, very well placed and adjusted, and some of the stones were very large and lofty; they used neither earth nor lime, only the bitumen with which they made their edifices, and the stones were so well placed, that no joint or mortar was apparent.'

"Throughout Spain I have seen nothing which may be compared with these walls and the laying of these stones, but the tower which is called the Callahorra, which is contiguous to the bridge of Cordova; and another work which I saw in Toledo, when I went to present the 1st part of my chronicle to the prince Don Philip."—*Sarmiento*, Relation MS. Chap. XXIV. in Prescott's Conquest of Peru, Book I. Chap. III.

"In the height of the wall, which did not exceed two stories, there was on the exterior a species of fillet or cornice of gold, a span and a half in width, imbedded in the stones.

"The principal part, dedicated to the Sun, had a large door in the eastern wall. The ceiling was covered with cotton cloth, neatly woven, embroidered with divers colors, which very beautifully concealed the internal surface of the roof of straw. A band of gold, similar to that on the external side, covered the junction of the roof with the walls. All the walls were hung with plates of gold, and tablets of the same metal served as doors. In the lower wall, in front of the portal, was placed the image of the sun, made of a large plate of gold, with a human face and many rays, richly chased with emeralds and other precious stones. On both sides of the image were found corpses, embalmed, of the different Incas, each one seated upon his throne of gold.

"Communicating with this principal part there was a large apartment of polished stones, adorned at the top only with a fillet of gold, and which served as a vestibule to five chapels. The largest of them was dedicated to the moon, whose image of silver, represented with the face of a woman, was presented on one of the walls. The walls and door were covered with plates of silver; the mummies of the legitimate wives of the Incas were placed on both sides of the moon, as those of the Incas, their lords, were on both sides of the sun. The second chapel, dedicated to the stars, like that dedicated to the moon, had a door of gold, and on the ceiling of blue cloth, yellow needle-work in the form of stars. In the third chapel, dedicated to the Yllapa (or lightning), the walls were of gold, as in the room dedicated to the rainbow, which was painted in very brilliant colors on one of the walls. Adjoining these

chapels was a chamber with the walls lined with gold, intended as a species of sacristy to Huillac-Umu, and as a conference hall for the chief priests.

"Garcilasso de la Vega, speaking as an eyewitness, says (Com. Royal, I. Book III. Chap. XXII.): 'Of these five saloons there were three only which remained in their ancient state as to walls and roof. They wanted, however, the plates of gold and silver; the other two, which were the chambers of the moon and the stars, were level with the ground. In the outside of the walls of those apartments which looked into the cloister, there were on each side four tabernacles or niches, finished with hewn stone, as was all the rest of the house. There were mouldings in the corners, and throughout the space of the tabernacle or niche, similar to the mouldings made in the wall, so that they were lined with plates of gold, not only the walls and upper part, but also the floors of the niches. The corners of the mouldings were very richly inlaid with fine stones, emeralds and turquoises, as in that country diamonds and rubies were not found. The Inca seated himself in these tabernacles on great festival days, sometimes in one apartment, sometimes in another, conformably to the season of the feast.'

"All the implements connected with the service of the sun were of gold and silver, as I have previously mentioned. The dwellings of the priests, and even those of the servants, were richly ornamented with precious stones. Who can wonder that the Peruvians themselves called the place of this immense edifice, in which nearly five thousand persons employed found accommodation, *Coricancha*, or 'the place of gold'!"

Dr. Hawks has not contented himself with merely translating the work, but has added to several of the chapters some valuable notes, in which he has drawn upon his own stores of antiquarian research. They give an additional value to a volume which commends itself to the study of the antiquary and to the interest of all readers.

#### LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for December closes its first year with not only a most excellent promise for the future, but a very decided act of performance in the present. The corps of contributors who have defeated the anonymous system of the magazine, by writing such clever articles that they have become perfectly well known, were never in better force than on this occasion. Mrs. Kirkland leads off with a lively, readable paper on the Exhibition; Mr. Melville's "Bartleby, the Scrivener," a Poeish tale, with an infusion of more natural sentiment, is concluded; Dr. Tomes' "Ghost of a City" is a powerful antiseptic to the dulness of old Hanover, which is the subject of its story; the How-adji's "My Chateaux"—a reverie over vast possessions in Spain—shows a taste in architecture of the most delicate pattern; and Longfellow gives us—we can say nothing higher in its praise—a companion piece to his noble "Resignation," with more than one line which will pass at once into the remembered "quotations" of the language:—

#### "PHANTOMS."

"All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open  
doors

The harmless phantoms on their errands  
glide,

With feet that make no sound upon the  
floors.

"We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go;  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

"There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; the illuminated hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

"The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I  
hear;  
He but perceives what is, while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands;  
Owners and occupants of earlier dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty  
hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old es-  
tates.

"The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and every-  
where  
Wafts through these earthy mists and vapors  
dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

"Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires:  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

"The perturbations, the perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of that unseen star,  
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

"And as the moon from some dark gate of  
cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of  
light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies  
crowd,  
In the realm of mystery and night;

"So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this.  
O'er whose unsteady floor that sways and  
bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark  
abyss."

The second volume of Professor Greene's edition of *Addison's Complete Works* (Putnam & Co.) shows us the value of this American collection. Its contents will be as new to the many who have read Addison only in the *Spectator*, as an entirely original publication. The Remarks on Italy, a classical hand-book to the Ausonian land; the Dialogue on Medals; the Essay on Virgil's Georgics; the Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning; the chapters on the Christian Religion; the Letters, now for the first time brought together, are not only valuable in themselves for the information they directly convey and the several studies they facilitate; but they may be taken, in this place assigned them among the volumes, as the key to the author's learned, reflective, religious spirit, and taste for art and nature, which were to blossom forth so genially with knowledge of the world in the coming pages of the *Spectator*. It is pleasant to approach Addison's great work through the portico of his preliminary studies. It is like entering on a genial day of sunshine from a bracing morning of vigorous air and exercise. "Studia abeunt in mores." Professor Greene—whom the travels in Italy bring out on a ground where, by reading, ancient and modern, and observation, he is quite at home—pursues his work diligently, quietly arraying the best tastes of others, and adding from his own stores.

Mr. F. W. Shelton's *Up the River*, now published by Scribner in a neat volume, sprinkled over with vignette illustrations, is a book, the excellence of which we have more than once anticipated, in notices of its chapters as they appeared in the *Knickerbocker* magazine. We then expressed the opinion that there was nothing more genial, subtle, of a finer tact in description or manner in sentiment, appearing in our American literature. The book only adds additional force to our convictions. The author is an Episcopal elegyman of Fishkill, the river of which he writes of course being the Hudson, upon perhaps the most finely marked portion of whose banks he walks forth from his country parsonage. The natural history of the book is one feature, the descriptions of birds and animals, not scientific, but minutely and essentially real; skies, fields, and insects are touched with a Dutch fidelity; the poets come in to heighten the general felicity, and a hearted sentiment which a pervading love of the mischievous and humorous will never let degenerate into insipidity. This is Mr. Shelton's Christmas offering to the public, and may the public always fare as well in the true spirit of the time.

*January and June; being Out-Door Thinkings and Fireside Musings*, by Benj. F. Taylor. (Hueston).—There is always a kindly spirit in the brief sketches of which this volume is composed—one of a class of books of late—with Ik Marvel and his followers, somewhat peculiar to this country, showing how gentleness and poetical culture find way for themselves, even among the aridities of politics and the scramble of new modes of living. This book, too, comes from the West, a region a few years ago considered a wilderness, and given over to the bowie knife and the regulator, but which is now producing delicate wines comparable to the growths of old sunny Europe, and poetry and sentiment to sparkle also with their consumption. Mr. Taylor's "Catawba" may be ordered with Mr. Longworth's.

*The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina*, by W. Gilmore Simms. (Redfield).—A new and revised edition of a book which gave the author the ear of the public, when powerful qualities were required to make that acquisition. It now appears with all its strong points retained—with the advantage of a thorough revision in such portions as admitted of improved arrangement and alteration. In a candid preface the author exhibits his reverence for the literary art, and shows how the work proceeds with new plans and acquisitions for the genuine man of letters. The distinction is urged between the romance and the novel, the scope of the "Yemassee" embracing the former. One or two points are touched upon, on which the critics formerly mystified themselves; and the dedication—to Prof. Samuel Henry Dickson—ends, "If you read the 'Yemassee' now, with such changes of mind and judgment as I must acknowledge in my own case, I can hardly hope that it will please you as it did twenty years ago. And yet, my friend, could we both read it as we did then! Ah! how much more grateful our faith than our knowledge! How much do we lose by our gains—how much do our acquisitions cost us!" This is gracefully said by the author. But there is a new generation on the field who will have no

such reflections, and who will hang over Mr. Simms's courageous and breathless adventure with the old ardor. We should not forget that Mr. Darley's forcible pencil is enlisted for this new edition of Mr. Simms's writings.

*Spiritual Progress, or Instructions in the Divine Life of the Soul*. From the French of Fénelon and Madame Guyon. Edited by James W. Metcalf. (M. W. Dodd).—This volume contains translations of the "Christian Counsels" and the "Spiritual Letters" of Fénelon, with the "Short and very easy Method of Prayer," and "Concise View of the Way to God, and of the State of Union," by Madame Guyon. They are good specimens of the writings of their respective authors, both of whom have long held a classic position.

*Markland, or Self-Sacrifice*, by the author of *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland*. (Stringer & Townsend).—The scene of this novel, as of the "Diary of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," which preceded it, is laid in Scotland. The narrative is interesting, and the dialogue animated; and it seems in other respects worthy to succeed the excellent work we have just named, which stands high in the favorable estimation of the public.

*Minnesota and its Resources*; to which are appended Camp-fire Sketches, or Notes of a Trip from St. Paul to Pembina and Selkirk Settlement, on the Red River of the North. By J. Wesley Bond. (Redfield).—This volume contains a very complete account of the past history and present condition of Minnesota Territory, a region destined, in a few years, to form one of the most important portions of the Union. Mr. Bond's volume will be found an indispensable "hand-book" for the emigrant, all of whose queries will be found answered in its pages. Mr. Bond is enthusiastic in regard to the future prospects of his territory, and especially of its capital bearing the good name, for a town of progress, industry and honor, of St. Paul. The strides of improvement, rapid as they are, seem not to move fast enough for him, and he accordingly treats his fancy to a vision of St. Paul in 1876, celebrating the first centennial of the Republic, with the aid of thousands of visitors coming in by railway trains from the cities of Mexico, San Francisco, New York, and Halifax. The sober facts, however, of the rapid progress of the Northwest, are sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the most exacting crew of novel-readers; and they are fully and graphically depicted by Mr. Bond, who has in the work before us furnished a valuable contribution to American history. His Camp-fire Sketches, with which the volume concludes, contain a lively journal of a tour with government officials, for the purpose of forming a treaty with the "Red Lake and Pembina bands of Chippewa Indians for their country lying in the valley of the Red River of the North."

*The Potiphar Papers*, reprinted from *Putnam's Monthly*; illustrated by A. Hoppin. (Putnam & Co.).—The first of these papers made a hit in the magazine in which it appeared, which was well followed up in those which followed. They contain a great deal of truth about New York fashionable life, mixed up with a great deal of exaggeration, and are stretched out to somewhat thread-

bare tenuity in the latter pages of the volume. Mr. Hoppin's illustrations are good of their kind, which is "a little more than kin" to those of Thackeray. The book is beautifully printed, and author, artist, and publisher may be congratulated upon having furnished a volume which, though not primarily designed for the holidays, will lie on many holiday tables, and furnish no inconsiderable "item" of winter-party small talk.

*The Invalid's Own Book*; a collection of Recipes by the Hon. Lady Cust. (Appletons).—A good idea, as a speciality of domestic cookery.

The fourth volume of *Lingard's History of England* (Phillips, Sampson & Co.) comes down to the reign of Henry IV. The entire work is to be completed in thirteen volumes.

Among the recent juveniles, the authorship of which will speak sufficiently for the manner and contents, are, *All's not Gold that Glitters*, or the Young Californian: one of the series of Home Books, by Cousin Alice (Mrs. Neal), published by the Appletons. *Tip-Top, or a Noble Aim*; a book for boys and girls, by Mrs. Tuthill (Scribner), with dashing American incidents, from nursery to college. *The Flower of the Family*; a book for girls, by the author of "Little Susy's Six Birthdays" (Randolph). *At Home and Abroad, or How to Behave*; by Mrs. Mannors (Evans & Brittan); and not least, Mrs. Rutherford's *Children* (Putnam & Co.). The first volume of Ellen Montgomery's *Bookcase*, by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," &c.

For the *Humorous Speaker*, by Oliver Oldham, we are indebted to Messrs. Newman & Ivison. Oliver evidently has a design upon our risibles, which he opens upon with a Preface at the start; and by aid of Hood, George Colman, Peter Pindar, Paulding, and others of the "laughing crew," he keeps on his way, with his "choice collection of amusing pieces, both in prose and verse," and a merrier book withal we have not met in a long while—pleasant to take up in a corner, to read or to recite from; suited to young and old, of both sexes and of all degrees. Could Oliver himself (wag that he is) ask for more?

*Harry Harson, or the Benevolent Bachelor* (published by S. Hueston), commends himself to us from the author of the clever "Attorney," and is marked by the same traits of talent as make that work so interesting—an exciting plot, characters vivid and forcible, and an intensity in the style which always commands attention. The dog will be noted kindly among the other personages of the tale; and the whole law treatment of the novel, with the characters therewith, show the skilful and practised hand. Mr. Hueston has presented the work in handsome style, with bold and striking illustrations.

#### POETRY.

##### STUDY-BOOKS.

My Study is a firmament to me;  
My Books are suns and moons and stars, whose  
light  
Mingles, reflects, refracts and consecrates,  
In the pure atmosphere of spacious thought,



Till shapes of beauty rise from chaos depths,  
And images of love move softly round,  
And fires of truth are kindled into life,  
And opening flowers of hope and fruits of  
peace  
Make spring-time, summer, autumn, one—  
A tropic season in a polar heart.

## II.

Books! ye are soldiers in a phalanx fixed,  
Armed with keen swords and bayonets that  
gleam  
In golden radiances of mighty thought.  
Around me, in my midnight camp, ye stand,  
The sentinels of mind, the guards of life;  
And at my summons ye do issue forth  
To battle well with hordes of ignorance,  
To pierce strong Error with a thousand balls,  
And crush the giant arm of wretchedness.

## III.

Ye treasured tomes! upon your brows are  
stamped  
The names of thoughts that sleep within your  
leaves,—  
Thoughts to console my spirit when it grieves,  
And rouse to deeds of high emprise when  
damped  
By mists that gather round in sorrow's night,  
Yet soon to flee when shines your genial  
light;  
Oft shall your pages gleam upon mine eye,  
Till images of love and truth flit by,  
And voices heard not by the crowd repeat  
The lays of youth, the themes of future life,  
And all the blessed looks we love to greet,  
That make us oft forget the world's fierce  
strife,  
And dream that we, old Time's dark miseries  
past,  
Have reached the shining gates of Heaven at  
last!

## MORNING—A PICTURE.

Morning, an athlete man, of freshened powers,  
Radiant with light that streams from every  
pore,  
And well adorned with scarf of new-born  
flowers,  
Plants his bright golden ladder on the shore  
Of earth's horizon, and against the sky  
Leans its far top amid the stars that fly  
With all the spirits of the night oblique  
And downwards, each his home to seek,  
While up with firm and steady step he  
mounts,  
Scattering new light dipped from eternal  
founts. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

## MR. BARTLETT'S AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS.\*

This work, in the press of the Appletons, and to be simultaneously published in London, will make two octavo volumes, of 500 pages each, and will be illustrated with a map and upwards of a hundred illustrations on stone and wood: exhibiting the characteristic scenery of the countries visited, interesting incidents, manners of the Indian tribes, etc., etc.

The route pursued by the Boundary Commissioner is one of those selected for the contemplated railroad to the Pacific, and is, we believe, the one which the company, lately organized in this city, give the preference to; viz., that through Texas, and south of the Gila. Mr. Bartlett's work, we learn, will embrace several distinct journeys through extensive regions of which little was before known, and will give particular details of their geography and topography. His jour-

ney to New Mexico was by what is called in Texas the Northern route, which is but little known, and which is seldom taken. This route, if we mistake not, is near the valley of the Colorado of Texas, towards its head. His other journeys were in New Mexico, near the sources of the Gila; a second through the central parts of Sonora; a third across the unexplored region south of the river Gila, near the parallel of 32° 22', thence through another portion of Sonora to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California. From thence he made a voyage down the gulf to Mazatlan and Acapulco, where he took a steamer for San Diego, in California, where the several parties belonging to the commission assembled.

Various explorations were then made through California, while the parties were again getting ready for their return across the continent.

On leaving California, Mr. Bartlett accompanied the surveying parties in completing the survey of the Gila. He remained two weeks among the semi-civilized Indians of that river, the Pimos and Cocomariopas, and visited those interesting remains of ancient edifices north and south of that river, which have been attributed to the ancient Aztecs.

After the survey was finished he made a detour through the State of Chihuahua by a different route from that taken when he went out, to El Paso del Norte. From thence, to rejoin the engineers on the lower Rio Grande, he went through Mexico, passing through the States of Chihuahua, Durango, Zacatecas, Nueva Leon, and Tamaulipas, to Comargo. The parties then crossed the southwestern part of Texas to Corpus Christi, on the Gulf of Mexico.

## A BIOGRAPHY OF QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

[From the *British Quarterly Review*.]

(Concluded.)

THAT Horace should have begun his literary career as a satirist was determined, doubtless, chiefly by his native bent as a keen and critical observer of actual life, rather than, like Virgil, a man of true poetical tendencies towards the ideal; but partly, also, it is likely, by external circumstances. Satire was, among the Romans, a specially national form of literature—almost the only form of literature, indeed, which they made for themselves, and did not borrow from the Greeks. A solid, strong-headed and practical, rather than an imaginative or versatile people, the Etrusco-Oscan-Pelasgic population of central Italy, out of which the Roman state proper had sprung, had invented for themselves, before that contact with the Greeks which communicated the Greek heaven to their intellectual activity, precisely such a rude popular literature as such a people might be expected to invent—a kind of rough-satiric doggerel, full of gross personalities and allusions to social matters of immediate interest. The Fescennine verses—rough, extempore jocularities, composed in a species of easy doggerel, called the Saturnian, and sung by the peasants at their festivals amid roars of laughter—were the true beginnings of Roman poetic literature. To such a license, in the way of lampoon, did these jocularities proceed, that they had to be checked by law. When the influence of the Greeks began to operate upon the Roman nation, it naturally, besides stimulating the Romans to imitations of other forms of literature, seized upon this native literature of jest and satire, and helped to

expand and improve it. Thus arose the Roman comic drama, the spirit of which was Roman, but the form Greek. Livius Andronicus, Plautus, Cæcilius, Terence, Turpilius, and Afranius, may all be regarded as, in this sense, the first cultivated writers in the truly national vein. Contemporary with the last of these (B.C. 148—180) was Caius Lucilius, who, abandoning the dramatic form, but retaining what was essentially the spirit of the comic drama—namely, pungent allusion to contemporary vices and follies, was the first Roman writer of *satire*, expressly so called, that is, of short, energetic poems, in hexameter verse, reflecting on customs and individuals. To all these older poets, but especially to Lucilius, Horace acknowledges himself related by literary descent. The most instructive of his confessions, in this respect, are those contained in the first *Satire* of his second book, and in the celebrated *Epistle* to Augustus. In the former he thus discusses his own literary position with his friend Trebatius:

"*Hor.* There are some to whom I seem too severe in my satire, and to carry it beyond proper bounds; another set are of opinion that all I have written is nerveless, and that a thousand verses like mine may be spun out in a day. Tell me what to do, Trebatius. *Treb.* Don't write at all. *Hor.* Not make verses at all, you say? *Treb.* Yes. *Hor.* May I be hanged if that would not be best; but I can't sleep. *Treb.* Let those who want sleep swim, anointed, three times across the Tiber, and have their clay well moistened with wine over night. Or if such a passion for writing has hold of you, venture to celebrate the exploits of invincible Caesar—sure to carry away many rewards for your labors. *Hor.* With all the will in the world, good father, so to do, I have not the power; it is not every one that can describe troops on march bristling with spears, or Gauls dying with shivered darts, or the wounds of Parthians tumbling from their horses. *Treb.* But you may surely describe his justice and valor, as the wise Lucilius described Scipio. *Hor.* I shall not be wanting to myself in this when opportunity occurs; but unless offered at a right time, no words of Flaccus will obtain Caesar's attentive ear; whom, if you stroke awkwardly, he will kick back, being well on his guard on all quarters. *Treb.* Still, how much better this than to wound with severe satire the buffoon Pantomachus, or the rake Nomentanus; everybody else being in terror lest his turn should come, though not yet attacked, and, therefore, hating you. *Hor.* What can I do? There is Milonius, who falls a dancing as soon as he becomes hot and light-headed, and sees the lights double. Castor, again, delights in horsemanship; Pollux in boxing. As many thousands of people as there are, so many varieties of tastes; and it is my taste to combine words in metre, after the fashion of Lucilius, a better man than both of us. He, long ago, communicated his secrets to his books, never having recourse elsewhere, whether things went well or ill with him; whence it happens that the whole life of this poet is as open to the view as if it had been painted on a votive tablet. His example I follow. . . . But this pen of mine shall not wilfully attack any man breathing, but shall defend me like a sword sheathed in its scabbard; which why should I draw, while I am safe from hostile villains? O Jupiter, father and sovereign, may my weapon, laid aside, wear away with rust, and may no one injure me, who am desirous of peace. But that man who shall provoke me (I give notice that it is better not to touch me) shall rue his folly, and be sung as a

\*Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua, connected with the Survey of the Mexican Boundary during the years 1850, '51, '52 and '53, by John Russell Bartlett, U. S. Commissioner during that period.

notorious character through the streets of Rome."

To the same effect, and with even more minuteness, Horace speaks in the *Epistle to Augustus*. After enumerating and characterizing the old Roman poets, Ennius, Nævius, Livius, Pæuvius, Afranius, Plautus, Cæcilius, Terence, and others; after deducing the history of Roman literature—and especially Roman dramatic literature—from its rude beginnings to its development under Greek influence; and after eloquently defending the function of the poet in general in a civilized state, and pointing out the peculiar merits both of tragic and of comic poets, he clearly claims for himself the benefits of his exposition. Ranking himself rather with the comic poets, who drew their subjects from common life, than with the tragic, who celebrated great exploits, he farther limits his literary position, by disclaiming all pretensions to dramatic talent. The legitimate drama, he says (just as we say now-a-days), was "going down." The people in the theatres, including even the knights and the senators, were no longer pleased with the genuine old play, as their forefathers had witnessed it; taste was perverted, and nothing but melodrama, troops of horse on the stage, grand decorations and displays of scenic effect, with occasionally a camel or a white elephant by way of particular attraction, would draw good houses. Democritus, were he placed in a Roman theatre, would find his amusement not in attending to what was represented on the stage, but in watching the fun going on in the yelling crowd of spectators. In these circumstances, thoughtful men of letters naturally preferred writing for the reader in the quiet of his own study, to writing for thankless theatre-audiences. This was his own case, and, like Lucilius, he was to take his place in the literature of his country, not as a dramatist, but as a writer of poems, and especially satirical poems, to be read by the people, and by men of rank and taste.

While thus defining, accurately enough and modestly enough, his own place in the series of Roman authors, Horace was very well aware of those respects in which he could claim the credit of originality, and the merit of having done something to mark an era in Roman literature. He has been accused of undervaluing the older Roman poets. The accusation, we think, is not well founded. In his *Epistle to Augustus*, indeed, written at a time when the emperor was forming a library which was to contain all that was excellent in Roman authorship, the poet naturally assumes the part of a critic, and, combating the prevalent impression that nothing was good in Roman literature that was not old, endeavors to secure the emperor's good will in favor of the literary productions of his own generation. The old poets, he suggests, with all their merits, had also their faults; Ennius, Plautus, Andronicus, and the like, whose poems were then thumbed by all Rome, were, after all, often harsh, uncouth, and ungraceful; even his favorite, Lucilius, ran sometimes in a "muddy" stream; and in an age when Virgil and Varius, with power not inferior to that of any of the ancients, were teaching the Roman language a new smoothness, and a finer artistic facility, it was wrong to be blind to their excellences simply because they were still alive. Now all this was not only well-timed and generous; it was true. In attaching himself to the new literary

movement, and in calling the attention of the Romans to those qualities of terseness, correctness, beauty, and finish of style, in which, since the time of Cicero and Caesar, the writings of Roman authors had excelled, Horace not only did justice to his own instincts, but performed a useful critical office. But he did not undervalue the older authorship of his own nation, or that style of authorship in which he confessed his own comparative incompetence. In the *Epistle to Augustus*, for example, at the very time when he is putting in a word for the new literature of which he was himself a practitioner, as against the old dramatic literature of which the Romans were so inordinately fond, he emphatically protests against any supposition that he was insensible to the charms of the older literature. "That you may not think," he says, "that I am niggard in my praise of those kinds of writing which, though I decline them myself, others practise with success—that poet, I say, seems to me verily to walk on a tight rope, who, with his fictions, grieves my soul, enrages it, soothes it, fills it with feigned terrors, as an enchanter; and places me now in Thebes, now in Athens." Even more striking, as a proof of the fairness of Horace's appreciation of his own literary position and character, is the following very remarkable passage in one of the satires:

"In the first place I will except myself out of the number of those whom I would allow to be poets. For one must not call it enough to round off a verse; nor if any one, like me, writes matter more proper for conversation (*sermoni propiora*), would you esteem him to be a poet? No: on him who has genius, who has a soul of diviner cast, and a mouth that can sound forth great things, bestow the honor of this appellation:

*'Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniore, atque os  
Magna sonaturum, des nominis huius honorem.'*

Wherefore some have asked, whether comedy is to be accounted poetry, seeing that an animated spirit and force resides neither in the words nor in the matter, and that, bating that it differs from prose by a certain metrical beat, it is mere prose (*sermo merus*). . . . If from these verses which I write at present, or from those which Lucilius formerly wrote, you take away a certain time and metre, and make that word last in a clause or sentence which stands first, putting the last first, you will not find the torn limbs of a poet in the same manner as you will, however much you dissect (those lines of Ennius):

*'When discord dreadful bursts the brazen bars,  
And shatters iron locks to thunder forth her wars.'*

To us this passage is particularly interesting. It shows that Horace had in his mind, and was perfectly familiar with, ideas respecting poetry identical with those which, under different language, figure so much in modern criticism. The very essence of the hackneyed question, "Is Pope a poet?" lies in the foregoing passage written by Horace with respect to himself. When Horace says, that "ingenium," the "mens diviniore," the "os magna sonaturum," are the characteristics of a poet, and that he did not pretend to be such, but only a satirist and conversationist in metre, he anticipated the very criticisms that were to be passed upon such poetry as his *Satires* and *Epistles*, by those who, in modern times, speak of "imagination," the "creative faculty," and the like, as the distinctive peculiarity of the poet. But Horace, though he seems to have felt that he had not the "mens diviniore," the "os magna sonaturum," the fine "imagination" of some of the older poets,

yet evidently aspired after some portion of the higher poetic fame. Unequal, by the nature of his genius, either to the epic or to the drama, he saw that, if he did mount above the mere satirist and moralist in metre—if he did prove himself, shrewd and hard man of the real as he was, to have still the true poetic glow in him—it must be as a lyric poet. That he succeeded to some extent; that there were moments when, overpowered by something stronger and more divine than all his sagacities and shrewdness, his corpulent little frame was agitated by the true afflatus, and he felt a touch of Apollo's phrenzy, who, that knows his Odes, can deny? There are passages in these Odes as poetical as have come from any pen:

*"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster,*

*"Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,  
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis:  
Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinae."*

In none of Burns's lyrics of independence is there a finer burst than these two often-quoted stanzas. And again, in that sadder and still more frequent strain, which represents a mood of melancholy not unknown to our cheerful poet:

*"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum  
tabernas  
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,  
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare  
longam.  
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,  
Et domus exilis Plutonia: quo simul mearis,  
Nec regna vini sortiere talis,  
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet  
juventus  
Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt."*

In short, looking at his *Odes* as a whole, Horace was able to say with pride, that he also, satirist and moralist as he was, had shown that he possessed the "ingenium," the "mens diviniore," the "os magna sonaturum" of the true poet. And thus in the well-known epilogue to his *Odes*, "Exegi monumentum," &c., so well translated by Professor Newman:

*"Lo! a monument I rear, whose life  
Brass outlasts, and towering overlooks  
Royal pyramids. Nor eating rain  
It may shatter, nor intemperate gale,  
Countless train of years, nor flight of times,  
I not all shall perish, Funeral-Queen!  
Still a goodly part of me shall shun  
Thy recording. I, in later praise,  
Fresh shall thrive, long as the silent maid  
Climbs the Capitol in Pontiff's train.  
I, where Ausidus with deafening stream  
Raves, upon the lip shall live, and where  
O'er the rustic peoples Daunus reign'd  
Scant of food; I, mighty now, from weak,  
First who train'd Italia's harp to tunes  
Lesbos-born. Assume, Melpomene!  
Grandeur earn'd by worth; and graciously  
Gird my hair, even mine, with Delphian  
bay."*

Yet, after all, even in the *Odes* of Horace it is often the strong, manly sense, and the wise, nervous, and exquisitely apt expression, that wins the admiration, and not the poetical genius as shown in the kind of thought. In this respect Horace was, perhaps, inferior even to his predecessor, Catullus. It is in the *Satires* and *Epistles* of Horace that we see the man intellectually at his best, and discern the



grounds of his reputation, as perhaps, all in all, the most perfect and characteristic of the ancient Roman writers. Many of the Odes are but the Horatian philosophy of the Satires and Epistles expounded in the lyrical form.

What the Horatian philosophy is, who is there that does not know? "Nil admirari," "Æquam in arduis rebus servare mentem"—these and other well-known phrases are summaries of it. A discussion of this philosophy, in connection with the religious beliefs of Horace and his contemporaries, would be very interesting. Suffice it here to say, that the main intellectual characteristic of that age seems to have been entire religious skepticism, an utter abandonment by all educated men of the doctrine of human immortality, however much of practical superstition and of religious observance still remained; and that Horace, sharing in this skepticism, and being a man of the real rather than the ideal, naturally viewed the Art of Living as a theory of the best mode of enjoying existence on this side of Hades; whereas other men, such as Julius Caesar, though equally skeptics speculatively, had so much of what Goethe and Niebuhr call "the demoniac element" in their constitution, that in practice they dashed the "Nil admirari" theory to atoms, and walked through the world almost as powerfully as great forces of infatuation, as if they had believed in a Hades, seeing that they carried a Hades in their own breasts.

#### SKETCH OF M. ARAGO.

(From the Paris Correspondence of the *Courier and Enquirer*, October 6th.)

MONSIEUR FRANÇOIS ARAGO, perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Director of the Observatory, and one of the most illustrious of the French savants, died on Sunday last, after a long and painful illness, aged 67 years. During the whole of his illness his clear intelligence was not for a moment obscured. It is scarcely three weeks since he was laboriously occupied in preparing a new edition of his celebrated Essay upon Thunder; collecting the results of his readings and investigations, and directing the most difficult researches, he dictated precious additions to that work. He demanded of M. Babinet the preparation of a table of the best determined durations of undulations, that he might give the finishing touch to an important memoir upon the interferences of light. He corrected the proofs of his historical eulogy of Monge, finished the preparation of his physical studies of the planets, &c., &c. He was constantly asking of the friends who visited him the news in the scientific world, to which he gave an eager attention, and which he discussed with perfect lucidity and depth of view. He constantly suffered more from being unable to attend the sittings of the Academy, and perform his duties as perpetual secretary, than from the physical pains of his disease. Every week gave rise to a struggle between him and his attending physicians; and sometimes, overcoming all solicitations and restraints, he would unroll his voluminous correspondence, as if determined to yield his last breath at the post of duty.

While successfully pursuing his studies at the College of Perpignan, in his youth, M. Arago one day encountered an engineer of the mines, and was struck with the brilliancy of his costume. He eagerly demanded how he could attain the right to wear those noble ensigns of science. The engineer told him

he must enter the Polytechnic school. And how must I enter the Polytechnic school? By passing the necessary examinations. And where can I pass these examinations? At Montpellier, after a serious study of mathematics. I will study mathematics, and I will enter the Polytechnic school. One or two years afterwards, in 1804, François Arago entered the school at the head of the list of the candidates examined that year. In 1806, at the age of twenty years, he had already performed the duties of Secretary to the Board of Longitudes. Shortly afterwards he was charged with a scientific mission to Spain, where he incurred great danger, from which he escaped only to fall into the hands of an Algerine corsair. To recompense the glorious labors of this rude campaign, the Academy of Sciences violated its regulations, and admitted as one of its members the intrepid savant, who had just completed his twenty-third year. Numerous researches, experiments and inventions have immortalized his name; but his principal claims to renown are—1st, magnetic and rotary polarization; 2d, magnetism by the action of currents; 3d, magnetism by rotation.

The genius of Arago was universal. Sciences, letters, social economy, were all attacked and embraced by his vast intelligence, with constant and equal superiority. At the Polytechnic school, at the Academy, at the Observatory, at the National Assembly, and the Municipal Council, the extent and variety of his knowledge, and especially the astonishing faculty of assimilation and application with which he was endowed, always placed him in the first rank. Inflexibly republican in his political sentiments, he tendered the resignation of all his employments rather than take an oath of allegiance to the present emperor; and the emperor honored equally himself and M. Arago in making him a sole exception to the general rule, by graciously requesting him to continue his functions without taking the oath.

As an orator, he shone by a marvellous lucidity of exposition, by the abundance, facility, and picturesque energy of his language. As a writer, he was distinguished by the clearness, the elegance, the sustained power of his style; rare qualities which placed and kept him in the front rank of French prose writers, who at the present day are not excelled by those of any other nation. No human head ever attacked with impunity so enormous a mass of labor as that to which M. Arago successfully applied himself; he considered less than fourteen hours of labor per day to be idleness; he carried on the simultaneous study and investigation of chemistry, physics, mechanics, astronomy, natural history, philosophy, literature. He was on all scientific and industrial committees, and his cabinet was literally encumbered with plans to be examined, and memoirs to be analysed. And amid all his varied and absorbing occupations, he yet found time to show himself one of the liveliest and most agreeable conversationists of the salons of Paris. M. de Humboldt, on the 83d anniversary of his birthday, made allusion to Arago, when he wrote to M. Sequin as follows:—"I live, alas, in the greatest anxiety; the sufferings of my master, and the dearest friend I have ever had in the world, fill me with desolation and despair. How sad it is to survive those who for more than forty years have been the object of my love and admiration!"

#### A MODERNIZED CLASSICALITY.—BY MR. PUNCH.

THE GOD HYMEN TO THE DEMI-GOD PUNCH.

"Saffron Hill, Olympus, Prid. Id. Oct.

WELL BELOVED, joyful am I to see you Britons—*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*, as a friend near me says—returning or relapsing into Paganism. So my altar, 'the altar of Hymen,' is at last erected in your places of worship, is it? I had doubted whether the news could be true; but I now read the statement so repeatedly in the *Morning Herald*, who asserts herself to be the only exponent of religion (and Irish grammar), that I doubt no longer. 'Hymeneal ceremony' is constantly performed by your Priests—so I read. Olympus rejoices—we all rejoice. My father, Apollo, has composed a capital song in honor of your conversion; and my respected mother, Urania, is making a new star, which will be hung out in a few nights in commemoration of the same. But, well-beloved, there is a good saying by Perianther of Corinth, '*Prius intellige, et deinde ad opus accede.*' The 'Hymeneal Ceremonies' ought to be performed accurately and properly, if at all, or Juno (between ourselves, a stuck-up party) will show little favor to the nuptials. Instruct your priests and officials, well-beloved, and let us gods shortly read in the *Morning Herald*, that you are not content with foolishly applying Pagan phrases to Christian facts, but that you are consistent. Something like the following, eh?

"S. dicit,

"Yours very faithfully, HYMEN."

#### MARRIAGE RITIS IN HIGH LIFE.

(From the *Morning Herald*.)

THE long talked of espousals of Lord Julius Fitzmarlingspike and the lovely and accomplished Rosa Augusta, youngest daughter of his Grace the Duke of Boppis, have at length come off. Some delay was occasioned by the gentlemen of the long robe, but the *Sponsalia* having been finally perused and settled by the eminent barrister Chrysostom Silvertongue, Q. C., were engrossed on the *Legitima Tabella*, and were sealed on Woden's day last. Lord Julius took the opportunity of presenting his betrothed with a splendid *Annulus Pronubus* of diamonds alternating with emeralds, expressly manufactured by the talented jewellers Runt and Koskell. There was a difficulty in fixing the marriage day, there being so many unlucky days, and *Atri*, in this month's kalendar, and *Salii* and the *Parentalia* festivals approaching. But yesterday having been selected, the lovely bride was dressed in a long white robe bordered with purple fringe, or embroidered ribbons (we could hardly say which), bound with a girdle of wool, and tied, of course, with the time-honored *Nodus Herculeus*. Her face was covered with a flame-colored veil, denoting modesty, and her beautiful hair having been divided into six locks with the point of a spear (kindly lent from the New Zealand Museum), was crowned with flowers supplied from the well-known *bouquetière* in Covent Garden. Her shoes were of the same color as her veil. The auspices had been duly consulted, and a very fine hog having been sacrificed to Juno (the animal was supplied from the long-established styes of Messrs. Chitterlings and Co.), the omens from its inside were pronounced very favorable. We must not omit to record a *bon mot* of the bride, which shows that she possesses all the wit for which her *spirituel* family has

been so long celebrated. On the question at the espousals being put to her, "An spondee?" she instantly replied, with an arch smile, "Spondeo, sed nomen meum nunciat Anne." The marriage ceremony was performed at the house of the Duke of Bopps, but in the evening the bride was conducted to her husband's domus. Three boys, whose parents were alive, attended her, two holding her by the arms, and one flourishing a link, which we regret was made the subject of ribald rerk by the other boys in the street. The maid-servants followed with distaff, spindle, and wool, and a boy from the Lowther Arcade bore the playthings—the *crepundia*—for the family with which it is to be hoped Rosa will be blessed. The boys let off more than usually good sales *et convivia*, which is accounted for by Mr. Punch having kindly undertaken to supply the jokes for the day. On arriving in Park Lane, the house of Lord Fitzmarlingspike was found tastefully adorned with leaves and flowers, and the rooms with tapestry. Rosa, being asked by Lord Julius who she was, replied, in a firm voice, "*Ubi tu Caius, ibi ego Cala*," and immediately bound the door-posts with woollen fillets, supplied by Madame Crinoline, of Bond Street. She was lifted over the threshold, touched fire and water—a wax lucifer and some *Eau de Cologne* doing the symbolic duty—the nuptial song, written by M. Catnach, and composed by M. Costa, was sung; Lord Julius scattered nuts (best Barcelona, from Shadback's) among the boys; and then several matrons, who had been married but once (the Hon. Mrs. Jones, the Hon. Mrs. Brown, and the Hon. Mrs. Robinson), singing all the way, conducted the happy bride to the nuptial bower, which was erected in the hall, and covered with flowers. Young women sang outside the house until midnight, when they were ordered off by the Police. The second entertainment, the *Nepotia*, will be given this day. We should add that the ceremony was impressively performed by the Hon. and Rev. Pontifex Maximus, assisted by the Harusfex Bobbus Montgomeriensis.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR readers have, doubtless, noticed in our advertising columns the announcement of an approaching sale by Messrs. Bangs & Co., the auctioneers of Park Row, which is vividly attracting the attention of our lovers of choice books and bibliomaniacal amateurs. We refer, of course, to the collection recently formed in Europe by Mr. C. Welford. The time fixed for the sale is Thursday, December 8th, and the catalogue is now before us. Mr. Welford has been for many years known to our book-buyers for his extended acquaintance with books and literature, and the cessation of the establishment of Bartlett & Welford in the Astor House was a subject of regret to many of us, who desire in a bookstore something more than the last new novel; indeed, something like the "Literary Exchange" that the shops of the Tensons and Lintots afforded to the wits of Queen Anne's time. We are glad, therefore, to learn that he has only changed the scene of his exertions, and the present catalogue testifies to his activity in a new branch of the same pursuit. In these days of unlimited expense, when the manufactures of the whole world are taxed to supply the demand for our material luxuries, and when the influence of the fine arts is naturalizing in our houses the pictures and statuary that were formerly confined to the palace or public gallery, it must have struck every one who thinks

how little the supply of the higher and more expensive class of books has kept pace with that of other sources of cultivation and refinement. This deficiency Mr. Welford endeavors to meet by placing before the public a collection formed from the choicest European libraries, and composed almost entirely of books that rarely or never are met with in this country, in the ordinary channels of trade, where the necessity for a quick return prevents the keeping of large and expensive works, and the stock of each dealer is, of course, formed to meet the customary demand. It is difficult to give an idea, in a few words, of a collection of the kind; but we may say that out of the nearly sixteen hundred articles which the catalogue contains, it is probable that not fifty could be found for sale in all the bookstores of the United States. There are three departments which we will mention, and briefly indicate some of the leading works. These are: Choice embellished and illustrated books relating to Painting, Sculpture, Antiquities, and the Fine Arts; fine library editions of the standard authors of England and France, the corner stones of every good library, and now of most difficult acquisition; and rare works on old English Literature, Belles Lettres, Poetry, History, Biography, &c. Among the noble works illustrating the fine arts, we notice a splendid copy of the Florence Gallery of Pictures, Statues, Bas Reliefs, and Gems; 4 vols. folio, in red morocco (lot 1531). The Works of Wouvermans, a choice and rare collection (1457). The Aguado Gallery of Paintings (1524); this splendid work contains some of the choicest engravings of the old masters ever executed. The famous Galerie du Palais Royale—the well-known collection of the Orleans family—three volumes folio (1038). Bowyer's splendid edition of Hume's England, in 10 vols. folio, with 200 plates, by the first artists—a superb copy, in massive Russia binding (1060). The works of the early Italian masters, from the Campo Santo at Pisa, fol. (1529); a very rare and valuable work. Baron Denon's Gallery of Paintings, Antiquities, and Monuments of the Arts of Design; 4 vols. fol. (1428). The colossal work of the great antiquarian, Visconti, on the Vatican Museums of Sculpture (Il Museo Pio Clementino, &c.); in 8 vols., atlas fol., with over 500 plates (1256). The famous work on the Antiquities of Herculaneum, got up by the Neapolitan Government, and very rarely found complete; 9 vols. fol. (1041). The splendid edition of the Holy Bible, printed by Bensley, in 7 vols. folio, illustrated by all the great artists of the day; a beautiful copy, in purple morocco (1540). The King of Holland's Picture Gallery at the Hague, fol. (409). Didot's superb edition of Racine, the finest production of the French press; 3 vols. folio, red morocco (799). St. Non's Picturesque Travels in Naples and Sicily; 5 vols. fol., 400 plates (1029). Prince Maximilian's Travels in North America; 2 vols. fol., splendid colored plates (1443). La Borde's Picturesque Scenery of Switzerland (1467). Lives and Works of the Great Painters, by Chabert; 3 vols. fol. (1532). The Stafford Gallery of Paintings, containing the famous collection, now the property of the Earl of Ellesmere; 2 vols. fol. (197). The Florentine School of Painting (Etruria Pittrice); 2 vols. fol. (1035). Count Choiseul Gouffier's Picturesque Tour through Greece; 3 vols. fol. (1265). Tauromachia, or the Bull Fights of Spain; with the plates colored like drawings (175). These titles, which we give indiscriminately, will convey some notion of the riches of this collection in the most magnificent class of books. The above is only a very small selection from a multitude of similar articles. In our indication of standard authors, we must necessarily be brief, and

will merely mention the names of the writers and the number of volumes of the editions; premising that they are all in the choicest condition, mostly, indeed, newly bound in tree-marbled calf, by the first London workmen. Sir Walter Scott, complete, 100 vols. (1298). Chatterton, 3 vols. (57). Goldsmith, 20 vols. (60). Crabbe, 5 vols. (70). Jeremy Bentham, 11 vols. (77). Sheridan, 4 vols. (96). Baron Humboldt, 12 vols. (144). John Locke, 10 vols. (205). Roman History, by Hooke, Crevier, and Gibbon, 33 vols. (299). Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, 9 vols. (318). Andrew Marvell, 3 vols. 4to (325). Dean Swift, by Scott (1077). Maria Edgeworth, 18 vols. (344). Sir William Temple, 6 vols. (358). Chaucer, by Tyrwhit, 5 vols. (362). Lord Clarendon's Rebellion and Life, 5 vols. 4to. (366). Defoe, 20 vols. (518). Lady Montagu, 5 vols. (520). Captain Cook's Voyages, the splendid Admiralty edition, 10 vols. 4to. and fol. (622). The General Historical Dictionary of Bayle, &c., 10 vols. fol. (643). Miss Burney, 13 vols. (763). The British Poets, 107 vols. (1505). Dr. Johnson's Works and Life, 17 vols. (1494). Sir Thomas Browne, 4 vols. (1488). The British Novelists, 50 vols. (1490). Pope's Works, and Homer, the original subscription edition, in 11 vols. 4to (1476). Spenser, by Todd, 8 vols. (1487). Lord Byron, 8 vols. (1503). Gibbon, 8 vols. (1502). Shakespeare, the famous Variorum edition, 21 vols. (1472). But we must stop, without noting half that we had intended; and for the French Standard Authors, the choice old English Literature, the early Miltons, Shakespeares, Baskerville's editions, Old Poetry and Romances, &c., refer to the catalogue, where they will all be found in choicest array. We notice that the sale commences at three o'clock in the afternoon, a circumstance of some consideration to the residents "above Bleeker." To those wishing to purchase who cannot attend themselves, we recommend the services of Mr. David Davidson, 109 Nassau street.

The readers of the *Literary World* will find, among its advertisements of the present week, the announcement of a new house, that of MM. Vogeli, Deleau & Co., who have established themselves in Fulton street, as publishers of translations of French works, by arrangement with the original authors. These translations are, we understand, in excellent hands to secure spirit, fidelity and finish; and, as M. Dumas "leads off," there is a good prospect that the public attention will be agreeably and satisfactorily interested in this new and promising enterprise.

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*Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gas Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.*

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(Signed) **WILLIAM ABBS.**  
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